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RUTHERFORD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Publication No. 16



WINTER 1981

Murfreesboro, Tennessee 37130

The Cover

On the cover of Publication Number 16 is Cherry Shade. This historic home stood across the old highway from the Tennessee Farmers Co-Op in LaVergne, until 1971, when it burned. The house was listed in the book "Hearthstones" as being built by John Hill. During the Civil War, John Birdwell's family lived here. A federal soldier from Ohio-Leopold Spetnagel died here January 1, 1863. Later the W. H. Cartwright family lived here. On page 60 of this publication is a story of Cherry Shade during the time of its occupancy by the J. R. Parks Family.

The Rutherford County Historical Society would like to thank James Matherly for drawing the sketch on the cover. We also appreciate Mrs. Ladelle Craddock for her work in typing and Mr. Gene Sloan for the index to this publication.

RUTHERFORD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATION NO. 16

Published by the

RUTHERFORD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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HART'S SPRING ON TAYLOR'S TRACE

Walter K. Hoover

The Big Hart's Spring, located one mile west of Smyrna, Tennessee, still flows free and clear, its waters meandering through the town. Few citizens know of this spring or notice Hart's branch, because today's water supplies issue from a metered spigot.

The Indians and explorers frequented these waters long before domestic and industrial life came to this area.

In my boyhood, I, along with other boys of the vicinity, fished, swam in, and explored this spring and stream. I recall wagons, with barrels and buckets, hauling water from this stream for domestic and industrial use. Before and after bridges, the fords provided a place for the traveler to water his animal, or to wash his dusty buggy or automobile, even himself. We skated on the ice in the winter. Wildlife and livestock came daily to drink. These waters provided many an ardent fisherman with bait of crayfish and minnows. Many repented sinners were refreshed by baptism in these waters.

As you climb the highland rim, or descend the Cumberland Plateau, to and from Rutherford County, which is imbedded in the central basin, the geology and topography has a deep fascination for the student of history. A knowledge of the ridges, plains and streams, add new dimension to the enjoyment of our restless earth.

In the early nineteen thirties the town of Smyrna employed engineers to study the possibility of using the waters of Hart's Spring for the city water supply. For some reason deep wells took precedent.

Some years ago my curiosity about the origin of the Hart name caused me to investigate its historical background, here's what I found.

Man's desire for the unknown and his desire for gain caused the colonial explorers to penetrate the Smokey Mountains as early as 1673. Some came this way to get away from the Crown, and the Revolutionary War. Others wanted to learn what was in the vast region drained by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers.

The French from Canada laid claim to this territory, as did the Spanish from Florida. The endless forest was also claimed by the native Indians as a hunting ground. These were mainly Cherokee, Creek, Chickasaw and Shawnee, along with less noted tribes.

For about seventy-five years this Mid-Tennessee and Mid-Kentucky area was criss-crossed and explored by fur traders of all these powers; each of these powers vying for the support of the native Indians, bribed them with supplies and guns. This boundary and ownership conflict subsided about 1775. The native Indians contested until about 1795.

British South Carolina, prompted by this contest for the interior of the continent, attempted a permanent settlement by pushing through the Smokey Mountains to establish Fort Loudon on the Little Tennessee River in 1756-57. Fort Loudon

fell to the Indians in 1760, thus bringing to an end South Carolina's efforts to gain this region.

The push for claim and settlement now came from North Carolina and Virginia. By 1760 Daniel Boone was in the area. By 1768 William Bean had a cabin on the Watauga River in East Tennessee.

Other families followed Bean to form the Watauga settlement. By 1776 Watauga was organized under a self government and asked to be annexed to North Carolina but was not recognized.

After Daniel Boone took back glowing reports of the over-mountain country, other people came; among them was our NATHANIEL HART and Thomas Hart and David Hart. On one of their expeditions they discovered our big spring and branch flowing into the Stuart's Creek, Stones River, and Cumberland River.¹

This occurred about 1772, and from that time until today the spring and its branch flowing through the town of Smyrna, is known as, and referred to in documentary locations, as Hart's Big Spring and Hart's Branch.²

The Harts, along with others, Weakley, Stone, Ridley, Shelby, etc., who came to this area realizing the future values of land, made great effort to secure title for profit

¹Thomas Walker named the Cumberland Mountains and the Cumberland River; Stones River was named for Uriah Stone.

²Hart's Branch named for Nathaniel Hart. I cannot discover where Stuart's Creek (later Stewart's Creek) got its name.

and their offspring. The town of Jefferson, Tennessee, was early laid off and promoted to form a base for land sales.

In 1777 Washington County was formed, with Jonesboro as the county seat in 1779. The success of the Watauga settlement created a buffer zone between the coming settlers and the dangers beyond. Widespread interest among the settlers and land speculators grew to a flood after the Revolutionary War.

In the fall of 1774, a company of land speculators made a purchase or treaty between themselves and the Cherokee Indians. This company consisted of Richard Henderson, John William, William Johnson, John Luttrell, John Hogg, Leonard Bullock, Thomas Hart, David Hart and Nathaniel Hart. This purchase terminated at Watauga in March of 1775. This company obtained from the Cherokees two deeds. One known as the "path deed", which had to do with land in East Tennessee. The other was known as the "Great Grant", which reached from Kentucky and Ohio Rivers to the head springs of the most southward branch of the Cumberland River. This, of course, included the Stones River, Stuart's Creek and Hart's Branch and Hart's Spring on Taylor's Trace.

Later in the judgment of the courts of North Carolina in 1782, this purchase was held illegal. At the same time, the North Carolina legislature, considering this land company having been at great risk and concluding that they should have compensation adequate to their expense and trouble, enacted that they (as a group) should have two hundred thousand acres laid off in one survey. This was laid off in East Tennessee and granted to the Henderson Company, and settled all debts.

This same legislature of North Carolina, in the same session of 1782 by Act, allowed the settlers on the Cumberland six hundred and forty acres to each family or head of the family, every single man of age who was settled on the land before June 1, 1780, not to include salt licks, or salt springs which were public property. (Nathaniel's estate will claim the Hart Spring track under these laws later.) Commissioners came with guards from North Carolina to lay off and allot this land. They also laid off the county of Davidson and appointed civil and military officers.

Nathaniel Hart was much involved in the settlement of Nashville. The articles of agreement or compact of government entered into by the settlers on the Cumberland River dated May 1, 1780, carries Nathaniel's signature as the second to sign. This compact became a necessary agreement, because North Carolina offered no protection or recognition, nor did the colonial Government, they being involved in the Revolutionary War. This compact gave order to personal and property rights, military protection from the Indians, etc.

To help confirm this story and give the reader more insight, I here enter this reference. A mention of Hart's Spring was in the fall of 1776 on the occasion of the Militia returning to Nashboro from the destruction of the Cherokee villages near what is now Chattanooga. They were three or four days on their return, and on the night before arriving camped at Hart's Spring.

Another mention was in 1792 when the Cherokee Indians were planning to attack the Cumberland settlement. General

Robertson sent scouts out Taylor's Trace to learn of the number and intentions of the Indians. The scouts were Jonothon Gee and Seward Clayton, who after going eight or ten miles south of Buchanon's Station contacted the Indians in the middle of the Trace; after some talk Gee was shot and killed in the Trace. Another shot broke Clayton's arm, and he ran into the woods, was pursued and killed. The Indians hurried on to Buchanon's Station and attacked. When the Indians retired, General Robertson collected what troupes he could and pursued them to Hart's Big Spring, near Stuart's Creek. Not finding the Indians, he retired to the station.

Nathaniel Hart never lived at Hart's Spring, for he had a home at Boonsboro, Kentucky, where he raised a family. Captain Nathaniel Hart was born February 24, 1744. He married Sarah Simpson of Fairfax County, Virginia, December 25, 1760. They moved to Boonsboro in 1775. Corn raised at Boonsboro by Hart was sent by boat to the starving settlers at Nashboro in 1779-80. Nathaniel was killed by the Indians near his home in July 1782. He was survived by his widow and nine children. Sarah Simpson Hart died at the end of March 1785 at the age of 66.

Their children were Kosiah Thompson, Susannah Hart Shelby, Simpson Hart, Nathaniel Hart Jr., John Hart, Mary Ann Hart, Cumberland Hart, Chinai Hart and Thomas R. G. Hart.

Colossal figures such as Henry Clay, Shelby, Brown, Benton, Dixon, McDowell, Freemont are inimitably identifiable by blood and marriage with the Harts.

A trip to Lexington, Kentucky, in search of Hart information revealed many, many Hart relatives.

Being aware that many readers will not recall the sequence of events that issued Tennessee, I have entered these notations.

Daniel Boone and others had entered the wilderness.

1756 Fort Loudon

1769 Bean's cabin on Watauga River

1770 James Robertson and others at Watauga

1771 1. Settlement of Routersville

2. Jacob Brown's stone on Nolichucky River

1772 The Watauga Association

1775 1. Washington District formed

2. Revolutionary War

3. Henderson Company bought Middle Tennessee

1776 Washington District annexed to North Carolina

1778 Cumberland settlement

1779 Nashboro

1780 1. Movement to Middle Tennessee

2. Battle of King's Mountain

1783 Davidson County laid out (went to Alabama State line)

1784 1. North Carolina ceded to Watauga the Tennessee territory.

2. The State of Franklin was formed, John Sevier Governor.

3. Congress closing the war ignored, State of Franklin.

4. North Carolina repealed its act of ceding the Tennessee territory.

- 1788 1. State of Franklin died at the end of Sevier's term
 as Governor.
2. Cumberland settlement did not join State of
 Franklin statehood.
- 1790 1. North Carolina again ceded her west to Tennessee.
2. Ordinance of 1778 to be preserved.
3. Federal government passed act for territory south
 of the Ohio River.
4. Tennessee capital moved to Knoxville.
- 1794 1. Indians severely punished.
2. Spanish influence broken.
3. First territorial assembly met.
- 1795 Sixty thousand whites in the territory.
- 1796 Tennessee admitted as a State.
- 1800 Nathaniel's land grant from North Carolina.

Since Nathaniel died in 1782 at Boonsboro, how and why did he or his heirs get a land grant of 640 acres in 1800 in Davidson County, State of Tennessee? After a search of land laws of Tennessee, article 10, Sec. Z of the first Constitution of Tennessee, established at Knoxville February 6, 1796, when Tennessee became a State, I find this statement: "All laws and ordinances now in force and use in this territory, not inconsistent with this Constitution, shall continue to be in force and use in this State until they expire, by altered, or repealed by the legislature." So the above reference (paragraph 1, page 5) to settlers' land claims on the Cumberland were still in force after Tennessee became a State.

Also, when North Carolina ceded the western territories to the United States in 1789 as a condition for membership in the federal union, she retained the rights to grant lands there to satisfy the claims of her revolutionary soldiers.

This territory became the State of Tennessee in 1796, but it was not until 1806 that Tennessee was able to grant land itself. In 1803 Governor John Sevier appointed John Overton to settle and adjust the land laws between Tennessee and North Carolina. Then in 1804 North Carolina gave up its right to grant land in Tennessee. In 1806 Tennessee set up seven land districts, one being at Jefferson, the seat of Rutherford County. The Jefferson office was later moved to Shelbyville.

Although North Carolina granted no land in Tennessee after 1800, warrants issued before and after that year were honored by Tennessee land offices as late as 1836.

So under the continuing old land laws of North Carolina, the Watauga settlement, State of Franklin, and the Cumberland settlement, which were not void until 1806; I discover in the Davidson County, Tennessee, records, the grant to Nathaniel Hart's heirs dated May 13th, 1800, that has been pending since Nathaniel's death in 1782. I also found an order that this land be surveyed for the heirs by Robert Weakley in consequence of an entry No. 500 (or claim by the estate of Nathaniel Hart) dated June 28, 1784, about two years after Nathaniel's death. The ten pounds per one hundred acres must have been paid by, and the claim executed by Nathaniel's administrators or heirs. Robert Weakley's survey is dated March 4th, 1797.

The Grant reads thus:

Nathaniel Hart's Heirs
Grant No. 468
State of North Carolina

May 13, 1800

To all to whom present shall come greetings, know ye that we, for and in consideration of the sum of ten pounds for every hundred acres hereby granted, paid unto our treasury, by Nathaniel Hart, have given and granted, and by these present do give and grant unto Kosiah Thompson, Susannah Hart, Simpson Hart, Nathaniel Hart, John Hart, Mary Ann Hart, Cumberland Hart, Chinai Hart and Thomas R. G. Hart, heirs of Nathaniel Hart a track of land containing six hundred and forty acres, lying and being in the county of Davidson (now Rutherford), on a branch of the Stuart's Creek about two miles north of said creek including a large spring on Taylor's Trace, known by the name of Hart's Spring on Taylor's Trace. Beginning at two white oaks above the spring near the cedar runs, east sixty chains, crossing said Trace to a small black oak and ash, in the edge of the cedars, thence north forty chains to Robert Russell's corner, and with his line, in all, one hundred and six chains, seventy lengths to a mulberry, thence west sixty chains to a stake thence south one hundred and six and seventy lengths, crossing the said Trace to the beginning, with all woods, waters, mines, minerals, here warrant and appendents to said land belonging to Kosiah Thompson, Susannah Hart, Simpson Hart, Nathaniel Hart, John Hart, Mary Ann Hart, Cumberland Hart, Chinai Hart, and Thomas R. G. Hart their heirs and assignees, which land was surveyed for the heirs of the said Hart, March 4, 1797, by Robert Weakley in consequence of an entry No. 500, dated June 28, 1784. (The grant signed by B. Williams, dated January 23, 1800. Counter signed, Will White secretary.)

From the time of the grant in 1800 until 1822, I find no Hart records on our subject. Evidently the Harts were centered at Boonsboro, Kentucky, and scattered all the way back to North Carolina and Virginia. Some may have moved on westward. Their father's vast estate had been divided among the nine children, and a new generation had begun. By 1822 Rutherford County had been in operation for nineteen years, and records are accumulating there.

So at the Rutherford County Court House I find an indenture dated March 20, 1822, stating that Isaac Shelby, first Governor of Kentucky, and wife Susannah Hart Shelby (Nathaniel's daughter), sold to James Hart, now living on the said land, this entire 640-A grant for \$1500.00. James Hart is perhaps a male heir of one of Nathaniel's children; he could be a next generation relative. I have not located a Hart genealogy.

Much search back and forth, through the Rutherford County land records, show that our James Hart sold some of this land, perhaps to pay Isaac and Susannah for on:

May 21, 1822	sold to	William Garner	50-A	\$250.00
May 29, 1822	sold to	John Fourville	71-A	213.00
May 29, 1822	sold to	John Fly	201-A	813.32½
July 13, 1825	sold to	Robert Ealm	76-A	202.00
			<u>348-A</u>	<u>\$1478.32½</u>
Totals			348-A	\$1478.32½

James had sold about one half of the grant for almost what it cost him. (Some may wonder about the one-half cent. The United States authorized the coinage of one-half cents April 2, 1792, and the first were coined in 1793; a popular coin until 1857.)

In 1834 Hartsville, Tennessee, was a flourishing post town. It was established in 1817 on the land of James Hart. It contained twenty or thirty families, four stores, two taverns and sundry mechanics. James Hart was a brother of our Nathaniel, not our young James.

By a series of deed from Hart to the present day owners, I am able to establish a corner of the original Hart grant. With a compass and the grant measurements, I have here plotted the 640-A on today's map (see map, page 12-A).

Divided, subdivided, and sold many times, each time increasing in value. Nathaniel anticipated these values over two hundred years ago when he braved the Indians and the wilderness to acquire this land. Speculation continues today as values rise.

Diligent search reveals little of our James Hart from 1825 until his death in 1845. It is assumed that he had a home in the vicinity of the big spring, and that his death occurred there. His estate was administered by Thomas M. Hart. Who was Thomas M? A son? A brother?

The 1820 census shows James Hart of Rutherford County. Three males under 10 years of age, one 26 to 45 (himself), one female under 10 years of age, one female 26 to 45 (wife). Who was she?

There is a Mark Hart in the 1810 census of Rutherford County who had two males under ten years. Could one of these be James? Or were Mark and James brothers?

The Rutherford County marriage bonds of Rutherford County compiled by the Col. Hardy Murphy Chapter of D.A.R. shows:

Ann Hart	married	Samuel Wilson	12-26-1805
Martha B. Hart	married	Wiley Sanders	2-20-1832
Koshia Hart	married	Thomas C. Wright	8- 1-1837
Frances E. A. Hart	married	Radford W. Reed	3- 6-1839
Samuel Hart	married	Edny M. Hedgepath	12-23-1846
William Hart	married	Mary E. Batey	1-17-1847
John Hart	married	Elizabeth Batey	1-22-1848
William Hart	married	Sarah J. Modrall	10-29-1857
Thomas Hart	married	Rebecca Johnson	7-19-1867

These records run from 1804 to 1872 showing these Harts in Rutherford County. Yet the Rutherford County Cemetery records show not a single Hart burial record. Perhaps they died in other counties or were buried in unmarked graves in the wife's family plot.

Not finding any cemetery records of our James Hart's place of burial, I searched the area in the vicinity of the Big Hart Spring now owned by George W. Gwyn heirs. They tell me that about 1940 Mr. Gwyn employed a Mr. Helton to mow the grounds around the present Gwyn home. Mr. Helton in the absence of Mr. Gwyn came upon grave markers (field stones); and since his mowing machine would not pass over them, he pulled them up and discarded them in an adjacent ravine. Bessie Gwyn (Mrs. Ira McDonald) remembers these headstones. She states that there were twenty-five or so of them, in definite rows, and that her family thought them to be graves. None carried names or legends to identify them. This is the most likely spot of James' burial site.

The records show that James died in 1845 in Rutherford County and that on March 3, Thomas M. Hart was appointed his administrator. On April 21, 1845, this administrator recorded this settlement.

List of sale of property:

2 weeding hoes	to T. C. Wright	\$.50
1 set gear	to R. Read	1.87
Single tree & Clevis	to R. Read	.70
1 bridle & Martingail	to T. C. Ward	1.60
1 saddle & blanket	to T. C. Ward	1.85
1 saddle & blanket	to L. White	8.10
1 rifle gun & shor pouch	to R. Read	15.00
1 lot of corn	to Terry Wade	7.50
1 yellow horse	to William Hart	60.00
1 note	due on William J. Muse	400.00
1 note	Jan. 1, 1845 John S. Russwurm	146.25
1 note	John R. Newsom	34.72
Cash on hand		5.65
One acct.	on John R. Newsom	10.00

On the 26th of August, 1846, the administrator recorded the settlement of these debts against the estate.

Elizabeth Ralston for coffin	\$ 8.00
John Jones Acct.	3.00
J. T. Richardson, M.D.	26.00
Clerk fees (sale)	2.25
A. G. Henderson - crying sale	.50
Allowance to adm.	25.00

Rutherford County records show that James Hart had two minor children at the time of his death: Mary E. and Mark M. These children were adopted by Wiley Sanders and wife Martha B. Hart Sanders (sister of James). Wiley Sanders was appointed guardian for the dispersal of their father's estate remaining to them.

This brings many questions. Who was Mary's and Mark's mother? What became of her? When and where did she die? Where interred?

What was the remains of James' estate, and how was it disposed of? Did the guardian sell or rent? Did the court sell the land, then turn the proceeds over to the guardian? Was property held until these children became of age and then sold in their then name of Sanders? All these questions and more I cannot find answers for. I do find several recorded settlements with these minors, yearly by Sanders. By 1857 there only shows a settlement with Mark M. Why? What happened to Mary E.? Married? Died? Cholera? Yellow Fever? Perhaps some of you readers can supply answers or can inform me where and how to acquire same.

I feel sure that many of these answers are hidden in the uncatalogued, chancery court records of Rutherford County where research is next to impossible.

Having lost the land records of James Hart at his death or before, I move to the present day owner and try to run the titles back to James. I find the present day owners acquired through their ancestors, from John F. Tucker in 1887, the remains of the Hart Spring Track. Here I run into the same

problem of Chancery records, when I learn that Tucker acquired the property from a guardianship since his father died in 1862 when he was a minor.

At this point I have not been able to connect the land from Hart in 1845 to Tucker in 1887. Most of you know that several books are missing from the Rutherford County records. This I can hide behind if I am pressed for lack of completion.

Taylor's Trace was a path used by man and beast, connecting the salt spring at Nashboro with Black Fox's Camp at Cannonsburg and all points towards what is now Chattanooga. It generally followed what is today known as the old Nashville-Murfreesboro-Shelbyville turnpike, today's U.S. 41 South.

Much effort was made in an attempt to discover who Taylor was, that gave the Trace its name. There was a Taylor, a military officer who was very active in this area in Indian fighting. Another Taylor, a surveyor from this area, later went with Lewis and Clark on their famous mission up the Missouri River. Several other Taylors are found, but none definitely connected to Taylor's Trace.

Many generations of history abound in Rutherford County, every turn in the road under every grove of trees, along every stream, on every ridge and plane, countless people have passed, before you came along, each leaving his historical evidences. You can find an exciting story under most any rock in Rutherford County. Look close and discover a new dimension in your life.

Those ardent craftsmen, with all their hopes and aspirations, helped to make possible what you enjoy today. Bless them.

This is a topographic map of the Hart Creek area in Georgia. The map features Hart Creek flowing from the northwest towards the southeast. Hart Spring is located in the lower-left quadrant. The Stewart Air Force Base is situated in the upper-right quadrant. The map includes contour lines indicating elevation, with labels such as 500, 550, 600, and 650. Various landmarks and roads are marked, including Jefferson Pike, Gwyn Spring, and the Stewart Air Force Base. The map also shows the Hart Creek watershed boundary and the location of Hart Spring. The map is titled "Hart Creek - Hart's Spring and Branch" in the upper-left corner.



**Hart's Big Spring On Taylor's Trace -
Very Dry Season
(Looking West)**



**George Gwyn's Saw Mill - Hart's Spring In The
foreground Furnished Water For Steam Engine.
All Evidence Of This Has Faded.
(Looking West)**



**Hart's Spring - One Mile West
Of Smyrna, Tennessee
See Pump - People Not Identified
(Looking S. West)**

THE CHILDRESS FAMILY OF TENNESSEE

compiled by

John Williams Childress
3701 Oliver St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

1960

Our great grandfather, Joel Childress, was born on March 22, 1777. He married Elizabeth Whitsitt, 1781 - 1863, came to Tennessee from Virginia, and settled January 17, 1799, in Sumner County, where his children were born. About 1812 he moved to Rutherford, a newly formed county, and bought a farm about three miles south of Murfreesboro, situated where Stones River is crossed by the Shelbyville Pike. There was a large frame house in which he lived until his death, August 19, 1819. He was buried in a fence-enclosed family plot near the house. Among his activities he was the Postmaster of Murfreesboro.

I well remember his grave in the apple orchard, which was marked by a ten-foot stone resting upon six columns to a base. The top stone contained the inscription: "Joel Childress, son of John, son of Joel, who emigrated from Wales, in his own ship with cargo, in the year 1745." The last two digits of the date were very dim but my brother and I agreed upon "45." His migration in his own ship was of frequent occurrence where the migrant had sufficient means to outfit such transportation, since it was well known that a ship and its contents could readily be sold at a profit, thus giving the emigrant ready capital. He landed probably in Virginia, or possibly North Carolina, since the name is found in both states, but Joel and his wife were both born in Virginia. Her mother was Polly Sevier.

Upon a visit with my family to Tennessee in 1923, I was distressed

to find no trace of the grave, but found that the two large stones had been used by the then owner of the nearby cottage, just built as fireplace bases. At least the inscription above had been left underneath and did not show at the floor level. ¹

After Joel's death, his widow moved into town and lived there until her death in 1863. Elizabeth Whitsitt's oil portrait is in the home of my niece and her great, great niece, Harriet Childress Tune, Nashville, Tenn.

There were six children of Joel and Elizabeth, but two died in infancy. The others were Anderson, 1799-1837; Susan, 1801-1878; Sarah, 1803-1891; and John Whitsitt, 1807-1884. All were given the best educational advantages available. Anderson went to Chapel Hill College (now the University of North Carolina); Susan and Sarah were sent to the famous (and first) girls' school in the country, the Moravian Church Academy, Salem, N.C. John entered the 1822 class at Chapel Hill. Anderson graduated in 1818, but John spent only one year, his schooling cut to one year, presumably, by his father's death in 1819. The girls and their brother Anderson rode horseback from Middle Tennessee to Salem (some 500 miles), he going on further about 100 miles to Chapel Hill, and picking them up in the spring for return home. They were accompanied only by a faithful slave to look after the horses and baggage.

In Anderson's class were several close friends, among them James Knox Polk, later President of the United States, also James Otey and _____ Green, who were to become the first Episcopal Bishops of Tennessee and Alabama, respectively. By coincidence, my son-in-law, James Otey (Bill) Urquhart, is the great-grandson of Bishop Otey, for whom he is named. It

¹ This tombstone was found when the Butler Manufacturing Company was built and was placed at Cannonsburg.

was also quite natural that Sarah Childress should meet and marry Jimmy Polk when he came to Murfreesboro--then the State Capital--in his first political job as Secretary of the State Legislature.

For the story of Sarah and James Polk, see any history book, but particularly the two, "Young Hickory" and "Memorials to Sarah Childress Polk." The only other known copy of the latter book is in the Congressional Library in Washington.

As is well known, Sarah Childress lived for 42 years after her husband's death in 1849, continuing to the end to occupy the fine estate the President had bought shortly before his term expired. She lived simply but, making no visits except to Murfreesboro and Columbia, kept practically open house to old friends. She died in 1891. As a boy I was taken to see her at regular intervals. I remember her with affection. My father was the favorite of all her relatives. At death, Aunt Sarah was buried beside her husband, until both were transferred to a joint tomb on the Capitol grounds.

Susan Childress married Dr. Rucker and had two daughters. These girls visited their Aunt in the White House.

The farm and house on Stones River were inherited by my grandfather, John Whitsitt, and were successfully operated by him until his death, although late in life he moved to town to a house at College and Academy Streets, which was owned by his second wife. This house still stands and a picture of it can be found in the book called "History of Rutherford County." The caption of this picture reads: John W. Childress frequently entertained in this house his brother-in-law, President Polk." This is, of course, an error as Polk died in 1849.

In 1853 John W. Childress built, on the site of his father's house,

a very modern and imposing two-story brick, which I visited often as a boy of 12 to 15, when it was owned by my cousin, Frank Avent. At Frank's marriage this house and farm were given to him by his father as a wedding present. I often stayed with them just to be in the country and to live in the old place. At 10 I had learned to swim in the nearby Stones River, and Frank, a great dog fancier and huntsman, would let me hunt with him. I remember my grandfather only at his funeral in 1884, but the country place forever stands out in my memory.

That 1853 house was built of brick made on the place, and of stone from the River. The portico was stone, with 3-foot in diameter stone columns extending above the second floor. Inside was a large entrance hall, with curving, "flying,"-no visible support- stairway, with strong bannisters. All rooms were 18 to 20 feet in height, each with about two foot frieze, the whole being of such hard plaster (no paper) that I have often wondered about the lost skill of such construction.

I don't remember the size of the farm, but it extended East about one-half mile to the railroad track and the same distance to the River in the other direction. The house was set about one-fifth of a mile from the gate at Pike where it crossed Stones River and was reached by a curved driveway, marked by red cedar trees. When I last saw the property (1923) the last one of these trees had just been cut down for firewood, but my girls gathered some of the sweet smelling cedar chips as souvenirs. The house had two rooms, both sides of hall, both storeys, and an Ell, with full porch in the front.

The most outstanding memory of the house was that the portico, the columns and the room walls were completely covered with pencil and charcoal names and regiments of Federal soldiers stationed at or near the house, who had spent their time "beautifying it with their 'art'." Actually, many names had been chiseled with nail and hammer almost to the roof, and many

of them were well done from the operators point of view. The plaster of that day was so hard that little harm had been done to the room walls.

When the Federal troops took over Murfreesboro in the summer of 1862, my grandfather was forced to refugee with his daughters and small children to North Georgia, where he remained until the end of the war. His house and farm were immediately taken over and occupied by three "campfollower" families, who worked the farm and slaves during the period, taking, of course, all benefits from them as their profit as "conquerors." While the land was overworked and the servants mistreated, it is quite possible that this occupancy by Northerners may have preserved the place from complete destruction, as happened to many other Southern owners who were less fortunate.

In this connection occurred an unusual and interesting incident. During the war my father happened to be in the vicinity of the place and so made bold to ride up to the house to look things over. This he could do because he wore a long, blue Union overcoat which he had taken from a captured Negro soldier. His inquiries of one of the squatters as to who owned this place, etc. were being insolently answered as became the squatter's right when dealing with a private, even a Unionist. Just then there appeared, however, a small Negro boy who had come out to gather chips from the woodpile. He glanced up and in astonishment said: "Fore God, if it ain't Little Marse John!" Whereupon father showed his Confederate uniform, forced the man to go with him across the river--by wading--and turned him over to the military authorities. When the family returned from Georgia, no one was found of the three former "owners," but they left their marks on the property.

I don't know how and when this place got out of the Childress family, for I remember it only after its purchase by father's brother-in-law, James M. Avent, for Frank. In 1896, while at school at Bell Buckle, Tenn., the principal, Sawney Webb, called me aside to tell me that, as he was passing on

the train the night before, he happened to look out of the window and saw the house being destroyed by fire. I never knew how it happened, but I never forgot my grief at the loss of the old house I loved.

Grandfather also owned and operated another and larger farm about ten miles East of Murfreesboro. Most of his 150 slaves were stationed here, but only the overseer staff lived there.

While continuing to operate his two farms, Grandfather had other interests in town, being organizer and president of two banks, and was, from its beginning in 1853, a Director of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. His rather distinguished career is told in considerable detail in a clipping from a Nashville paper which will be found in my mother's scrapbook, in the suitcase. While this obituary is signed only "A.S.C.," it was written by Col. Arthur S. Colyax, owner of the "Nashville American," to my father's law partner in the firm of Colyax, Marks and Childress. The other partner, Marks, was a former Governor of Tennessee, and Colyax was a famous orator and former member of the Confederate Senate. I have always believed that, while the firm had probably the largest law practice in the State, the partners let father do all the work, resulting in his breakdown of health and his retirement--1884 to 1888--to Florida. However, he recovered and led an active and useful life for many years.

By his first wife, Mary Williams of Nashville (for whom I am named), my grandfather had four sons who lived to full maturity and two daughters. Two of these sons were my father, John Whitsitt, Jr., and Joseph. The latter had two daughters, Mary Kee and Sarah Polk, but Joe died when they were children. John's older daughters were Mary, who married James Monroe Avent, and Bettie, who married Major General John Calvin Brown, of Pulaski. Avent took my father in as law partner until he moved to Nashville in 1882. We were always very close to the Avent family, my younger brother bearing that name. The only remaining member (1960) is Sara, who still lives in the old house and has

one son, Jesse C. Beesley, New York. The other daughter, Bettie, married James B. Murfree, Jr. His widow survived him until 1959. She was 92 at the time of her death. The third brother was James M., Jr.

Bettie Childress married Brown while refugeeing in Georgia, and "between battles" of the war. They returned to Pulaski, from which he was elected Tennessee's Governor in 1870. Later they moved to Nashville, where he died in 1889. At which time he was President of the Texas & Pacific Railroad. There were two daughters, Marie and Daisy, and a son, John. No males of the name survive.

It was while living with the Browns in Pulaski that my father studied law, and in 1870 was made Manager (at 25) of Brown's campaign for Governor. That was his first experience in politics, and probably led to his 25 years as head (Chairman) of the Democratic Party in the State. While he retired as Chairman when he became a judge in 1895, he was until his death (1908) always consulted and followed in political matters.

It was also at Pulaski that my father became one of the organizers of the original Ku Klux Klan. (For the complete and true story of the Klan, see its history in the Ridley book. This gives the only true history of its beginnings, its operations, and its end, and could have been written only by one who knew the story personally.) I could never get father to admit his membership, for the Federal laws against it were never repealed; but there can be no doubt that he was one of the boys who started the KKK in 1867, when he was living in Pulaski. All Klansmen were young Confederate officers and the original group got together as a club or fraternity for fun only. The later KKK activities were brought about for protection against outrages of the scalawags and carpetbaggers who were exciting the Negroes to crimes.

Incidentally, this Ridley book is now considered a "collector's item" because the writer's story of his return home after the surrender of the

Confederate Army is the only known account of that phase of a soldier's life. Several histories of that period quote Ridley's diary for the only picture of a Confederate's thoughts and acts after his parole. My father also surrendered at the same time in North Carolina, but all I could get out of him was that he burst into tears many times a day during the long trip to Tennessee. Incidentally, Ridley was also from Rutherford County as he and father never met during the war. He married my mother's youngest sister, Ideyette, while she was visiting mother in Murfreesboro. "Uncle Brom" was one of the finest and most lovable persons I ever knew, and his book--of which he was very proud--is most interesting. He was, during his whole service, on the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart--CSA.

After the death of his wife, my grandfather married Mary Phillips, a cousin of his former wife, and by her had the following sons and daughters: William Sumner, who married Inez Wade;

The second son of William was Levi Wade, who lived nearly all his life in St. Louis, Mo. He died about three years ago, leaving one daughter and two sons: Wade, Jr. and Fielding, and his widow, all of whom I believe to be alive.

Another son of John Whitsitt Childress, Eugene, was never married and died while relatively a young man. The last one, Horace, had no sons, nor did Annie, nor Ella, and the baby of the family--Selene--had no children, though married twice--first to Jonathan W. Jackson, and then to Frederick Wighthall.

With the death of his father in 1884, my father John Whitsitt Jr. (April 20, 1845 - March 28, 1908) became the beloved head of the family and was so recognized by all. He had little education since he ran away from Military school to join the Confederate Army and never returned. He did, however, acquire an excellent knowledge of law while studying in Gen. Brown's office in Pulaski, and proved his capacity when he served in

Nashville as Circuit Court Judge for the last 13 years of his life, as well as in his only active practice after moving to Nashville. But he served capably and successfully in many other capacities, including General Manager of the "American" Newspaper, Assistant U. S. Attorney, President of the South Pittsburg City Co. operating the utilities and building up of that town and organizing and presiding as President of a National Bank which is still--after 75 years--the strongest institution in that section of the State. In every capacity and situation he was sought after for advice and assistance. His best-known service was as advisor of the Democratic Party in politics. This began as Campaign Manager for his brother-in-law, John C. Brown, in his successful race as first Democratic Governor after the war, in 1870, at the age of 25. From then until his judgeship in 1895, he was Chairman of the Democratic Committee, at which time he gave up the title for ethical reasons, but continued in his advisory capacity until the end. Amazing to say, with all his political activities, and the usual unpleasant feelings thus engendered, I don't believe he ever had a personal or political enemy. Partly, no doubt, his popularity was due to his wanting no office for himself, his only interest being to find the right man for the place in his Party. Thus, every Governor and U. S. Senator depended upon him. In fact he declined appointment to the U. S. Senate by Governor Taylor, and later declined an election to that body by the State Legislature, which was trying to break a long deadlock between two candidates--Taylor and McMillin. He did not want the job anyway, but spurned the appointment because both men were his close friends and he would be put in a position of profiting by their defeat. The Legislature acted, apparently, to get itself out of a long deadlock which seemed endless. It did end, however, when a third man, Luke Lea, became a candidate through the proper pressure (money?) to break the tie. Taylor, after three terms as Governor, later became a United States Senator. McMillin, after being

Governor, and after 20 years in the House of Representatives, died just after his appointment--1933--as Ambassador to Mexico. His second wife, Lucile, was made a member of the Civil Service Commission in Washington. McMillin first married my cousin, Marie Brown (General Brown's daughter). Both Taylor and McMillin were devoted friends of father's and I also kept up my friendship with them until their deaths.

In the late days of father's life he was often unable to hold Court and the docket was so full that someone had to carry on. Volunteers were welcome and the man most helpful in these emergencies was Cordell Hull, a young Judge with 13 counties in his Circuit, who could still come to Nashville to help out. I realized later that he did so at his own expense. Hull was, however, one of father's political proteges, as well as friend, and he probably profited by the experience and association. Another such protege was Joseph W. Byrns, later Speaker of the House. When Hull was Secretary of State he took occasion at several public gatherings in Washington to introduce me as the "son of the man who taught me all the politics I know, if any." I recall two occasions at the Jackson Day Dinners, and at other times when he was a guest in my home. I knew most of the Tennessee Delegation and Byrns and Hull were most helpful in my one entry into politics--the appointment by President Coolidge as Chairman of the D. C. Public Utilities Commission in 1926.

My father was in 1861 at military school in Nashville, but his parents were endeavoring to keep him out of the war because of his health and weighing only 90 pounds, and believed by them to have "consumption." They thought military life would be fatal. However, he ran away from school and joined the army at Bowling Green, Ky., in October, 1861. He was sent to Fort Donelson just in time to surrender. From there he was sent by flat-boat to Columbus, Ohio, and then on to prison camp at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio.

At the end of nine months he was exchanged, at Vicksburg, Miss., and immediately returned to the army. At the beginning he became drill-master and Adjutant of the 50th Tennessee Regiment, and remained with that organization. He was four times wounded, once shot entirely through the thigh, and in the head at Franklin. In the futile charge over Federal breastworks he crossed the Harpeth River, climbed up and was on the point of jumping down into the trench when a bullet tore away his right eyebrow and he was left for dead. About midnight he came to life to find himself in the burial ditch, but, most fortunately, near the top and so able to climb out and crawl back to the lines. While his life was saved in this miraculous manner, he escaped the army's collapse at Nashville two weeks later. Despite the annihilation of the Western Army, three divisions were gotten together (in part, of course) and reached Johnson's Army in North Carolina, only to be surrendered. This formality occurred for him on his 20th birthday, April 20.

Father was always known and spoken of as "Captain Childres" until he became a Judge, but he never used either title when speaking of himself over phones or otherwise. From the time he entered the army, he was an officer, Adjutant, but drill-master also because he was probably the only man in his regiment who had any knowledge at all of military matters. The framed Commission on my wall shows him still a Lieutenant and Adjutant in September, 1864, and it is presumed he was promoted to Captain after Franklin on November 30th. I know that he was breveted Major before the surrender, but he never used the higher rank.

After serving $3\frac{1}{2}$ years in army and prison he returned to Murfreesboro, but soon joined his brother-in-law, General Brown, for the study of law. Upon completion of these studies he joined another brother-in-law, James M. Avent, in practice in his home town. In March 1867 he and a friend, Jim Moore, decided to travel and see the world, which ended four months

later after they had seen most of it. , His diary was an extremely well written and unusual document for a boy of 21, whose education had been interrupted by the War, and since he had run away from school three months before he was 17, and never again attended school. The interesting way he tells the story of this trip indicates the early use of a mind which enabled him to become the useful and successful man for which he was destined. To me the story tells of places, people, methods of travel, etc. of which I had no knowledge. While Father told us all these stories of the trip when we were small boys, this diary's existence was unknown, to any of us, and was not found until the death of my mother, who survived him by 20 years. When found then by Lyon, he fortunately, made copies of it, but I have never been able to come upon the original. It was written in a small notebook of the time. Also, I have wondered all my adult life where Father got the money to make the trip and learned only recently that on his majority he received an inheritance from his grandmother. I certainly never heard him express regret at the way this was used. I know only that at the time of his marriage in 1870, and immediate years thereafter, he and his wife were forced to live very simply. Upon his law partnership in Nashville, things promptly took a turn for the better. Even with the three years of idleness while he was recovering his health in Florida, he was never again so strapped financially and was able to give the three sons proper education. Not until I had finished my sophomore year at Princeton did I realize the strain that cost and his illnesses were causing him. Whereupon I got a job and quit college. Lyon was doing well in business and so Avent could freely continue and graduate.

While always a loyal Confederate, he never became a "professional," as so many others were inclined to do. However, he served the Cause outstandingly in one instance. Probably in his capacity as manager of the largest newspaper in the State, he attended the funeral of Jefferson Davis

in 1889. It was there determined that something should be done to perpetuate the ideals of the South and collect and disseminate the facts. Father was Chairman of a Committee to effect these purposes and they decided to act through a magazine, "The Confederate Veteran." Father chose as editor an editorial writer on the American, Sumner A. Cunningham. Through the efforts and intelligence of this man, the magazine became the "Bible" of the veteran everywhere, and at the same time became a most interesting and financially successful literary venture. Its publication continued until its editor's death, and until the vast majority of the old boys were gone. I was very fond of Mr. Cunningham and he almost worshipped my father.

My mother was Mary Adair Lyon (August 6, 1849 - September 29, 1928), oldest daughter of James Adair and Adelaide Deaderick Lyon of Columbus, Miss. It was while she was visiting some Deaderick kin in Murfreesboro--the Wendells--that she met my father and they were married in Columbus on December 13,

David Deaderick (originally Dietrick) had come as a "Pennsylvania Dutchman" from Germany, 1720, settled first in that state, moved to Winchester, Va., anglicized his name to Deaderick. Again migrated to Tennessee, founded its oldest town--Jonesboro--and his son, David Anderson, was father of my grandmother, Adelaide, 1817 - 1907.

Lyon's family was almost equally distinguished in East Tennessee, but he put himself through four years at Princeton Theological Seminary (New Jersey), 1832 - 1836, after which he had churches in Tennessee and Columbus, Miss, St. Louis and again in Columbus, with the last ten years of his life as Professor of Religion and Philosophy at the University of Mississippi. His Journals and pertinent data are in the State Archives at Jackson, and at the Mississippi State College at State College, Miss.

Lyon was almost a fanatic on education. He personally educated his

two older sons to enter the junior class at Princeton (then the College of New Jersey), to graduate in the Class of 1859, the younger one being first in his class. The third son graduated in 1872, but he got through mostly on earned scholarships. He sent my mother to a fashionable and expensive finishing school in Philadelphia. Just how all this was done on his salary as a Presbyterian Minister will always remain a mystery, although he didn't seem to think it so. He also, almost alone, founded in Clarksville, Tenn., a Presbyterian College, built on the lines at the Princeton seminary, although he was assisted somewhat by a Dr. William Stewart and by Dr. Joseph R. Wilson (Woodrow's father). Lyon was elected (in 1870) the first president. He promptly accepted but later reneged because his church just refused to let him go. His son, Adair, later became a professor there and I spent one year --1898-99--as a student before transferring to Princeton. The whole story of the College and Lyon's part in it is told in Cooper's history--"Southwestern at Memphis"--. This book gives sole credit to Lyon as the real founder. In 1925 the City of Memphis took over the records, etc. and brought them to that city, with a change in the name of "Southwestern at Memphis" from its old and well-known "Southwestern Presbyterian University." While still under Presbyterian auspices, it is a thriving co-educational institution, which has put new life in the old Clarksville school of which I and hundreds of alumni are still fond, but of which there are so few left. To illustrate, there was published in the Southwestern News, in 1958, a picture of the 1898 football team--of which I was captain. There was found no one left of the 17 members except myself. I have the original photograph.

My mother was remarkable woman in many ways. First, she was a great beauty and always admired, but never seemed to be conscious of that. At about 40 her hair was snow white and set off her ruddy complexion and black eyes. She was vivacious, a great talker but never a gossip, and made friends

readily and permanently. She was not, however, a "society woman," but preferred church work, and to the end remained a "fundamental Christian." She was at home in any gathering, society or church, and was greatly beloved, being a foil for my quiet father. She was one of the last of the old-timers who hated liquor and worldly things," even begging me, for example, not to dance or play cards even after I went away to college. While we all wandered away from our strict upbringing, we always respected her wishes and principles.

The sons of John Whitsitt and Mary Lyon Childress were Adair Lyon (always called Lyon), John Williams, and Avent. They were born, respectively, August 31, 1873, February 16, 1879, and November 30, 1880. Lyon died in October 1948. A daughter was born dead in 1872. All seven children of these three sons are girls and, therefore, the Childress name of the earlier branch of the family is now ended.

YOUNG MAN JOHN ESTEN MILES WENT WEST

-Gene H. Sloan

Among the distinguished Murfreesboro natives who played prominent roles in the "Winning of the West" was John Esten Miles, who filled many important political and business leadership posts in the early history of New Mexico.

His distinguished career included the Governor of New Mexico, United States Congressman, Chairman of the State Democratic party, newspaper publisher, merchant, farmer and rancher.

He was born in Murfreesboro July 28, 1884, the son of James Manuel and Frances Elizabeth (Howland) Miles. His father, Louis Miles was born in McMinnville in 1861, and is believed to be a descendant of Thomas Miles, a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. His mother was the daughter of John and Mary Howland. According to family tradition the Howland's were descendants of a Mayflower family.

Like his parents, John E. Miles received formal education in Tennessee Public Schools. His father was a trainer of horses and thus acquainted with farm work. From an early age John Esten always maintained an interest in horses and farming.

In 1901 he went to Bonham, Texas to work on a ranch of an uncle. In 1905 he moved to Magnum, Oklahoma, and the following year to Quay County, New Mexico. There, forty miles from Tucumcari, he continued in farming and ranching. In 1916 he made his first political race and was defeated for county commissioner. He bought a general store at Endee, in Quay County. This he sold in 1920 after a successful race for county assessor.

Miles first went to Sante Fe in 1921 to serve as secretary to the State Tax Commission, a position he filled until 1925. In 1927, he



John E. Miles

established a tax agency in the city, but in 1931 he rejoined the Tax Commission as secretary, this time serving until 1938. In January 1934 he also served as chief of the Internal Revenue Office at Albuquerque, resigning in July of that year. At that time he was elected Chairman of the New Mexico State Democratic Central Committee.

In 1927-28 Miles became interested in the newspaper business and for a time published the New Mexico Democrat in Santa Fe and the Independent in Las Vegas.

In 1935 he returned to the office of secretary to the State Tax Commission, holding that position until he was elected Governor in 1938. His term ran until 1942 and in 1942-44 he was chairman of the New Mexico Public Service Commission. In 1944 Miles was elected Commissioner of Public Lands, serving in that office from 1945 until 1948. In the general election of that year he was successful in his candidacy for the United States Congress. After two years in Washington he returned to Santa Fe in 1950 but was defeated in his bid for Governor.

In 1951 he went to Denver, Colorado, to serve as enforcement officer for the Office of Price Administration. When he returned to Santa Fe in 1952 he entered with a son, J. Wade Miles, in the management of the Chrysler agency. In 1953 he disposed of his interest in that business to become president of the New Mexico Book Depository, Inc. This corporation serves as the center for the distribution of text books used in the public schools of New Mexico.

During his career Governor Miles had been active in the Kiwanis Club and the Lodge of Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. He had been reared in the Christian church.

Miles made his last attempt for state office in 1956, at the age of 71. He was defeated when he ran for Commissioner of Public lands.

A contemporary of Miles describes him as weighing about 184 pounds,

with black hair streaked with grey over twinkling blue eyes. "Throughout his lifetime he prided himself on loyalty to the Democratic party and on his word being his bond." His slowness to act stemmed from careful consideration. He was a gifted 'compromiser,' according to a longtime friend, Senator Manuel Sanchez.

In reviewing his own contributions Governor Miles took pride in providing others a better education than he had. He saw that teachers salaries were raised, that teacher pension laws were enacted, that the school bus system was standardized and laid the ground work for permanent registration laws and the stabilizing of state financing.

Miles was married to Susie C. Wade in June 1906 by Judge Jarrett Todd in Magnum, Oklahoma. They were the parents of ten children. A summary of the work of these children was supplied by the family to the Rutherford County Historical Society. Two sets of twins, Floyd Preston and Lloyd Weston, and Franklin Everett and Jessie Evelyn were born to the family. Jessie Evelyn Miles died in infancy. Seven children reached maturity.

"THE FAMILY OF GOVERNOR JOHN E. MILES"

1. Peggy Frances (Thelma) Henrie, 111 Columbia Dr. S. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87106. Born August 8, 1909, has two children, eight grand-children, one great-granddaughter.

Retired: Worked 23 years with Atomic Energy Commission and the Sandia (Corporation) Laboratories.

2. Mildred Lorraine Adams, 5803 W. State Ave., Glendale, Arizona 85301. Born August 16, 1911, has two children, five grandchildren, and one great-grandson.

Retired: worked 25 years with the Glendale Schools Health & Food System.

3. J. Wade Esten Miles, Rte 2, 521B #75, LaVillitas de Santa Fe, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87501. Born June 19, 1914, has three children and five grandchildren.

Employed: Real Estate, formerly Rancher, owned Miles Motors, Public Land Commission and associated with N. M. Horse-racing.

4. Annie Margurite, born June 19, 1916. Deceased.

5. Floyd Preston Miles, 2400 Baylor So., Roswell, New Mexico, 88201
Born August 29, 1919, has two children
Employed: Captain and District Commander, New Mexico State Police,
Roswell, N. M.
6. Lloyd Weston Miles, Box 488, Springer, New Mexico, 87747.
Born August 29, 1919, has two children and one granddaughter.
Presently emp. Police Chief of Springer, formerly employed New
Mexico State Police, City Police Judge, Farmington, N. M.,
New Mexico State Bureau of Revenue, Security Officer for
Santa Fe, Downs Race Track., Retired Lt. Col. USA &
National Guard.
7. Maj. Gen. Franklin Everett Miles, P. O. Box 5061, Santa Fe, N. M.
87501, born Jan 4, 1923, has six children and four grandchildren.
Employed. Adjutant General, State of New Mexico, Head of New
Mexico National Guard.
8. Jessie Evelyn Miles, born Jan. 4, 1923. Deceased.
9. Edna Irene Green. P. O. Box 373, Columbia Falls, Montana. Born
July 7, 1925, has three children. Formerly employed as Court Reporter,
New Mexico Supreme Court.
10. Baby boy, birth and deacease dates not available.

George Hooper (1866-1910) married the widow of James Monroe Miles in November 1895. Following his death Mrs. Hooper and her daughters lived in Murfreesboro before moving to Oklahoma City "about 1916."

The two daughters were Wattie Dean (Mrs. W. D. Carter) and Colera (Mrs. H. A. Gardner) of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Mrs. Carter had two daughters Mrs. Reed Barker and Mrs. V. C. McIntosh, both of whom live in Chicago. Mrs. Gardner has one daughter Mrs. Fred Dimit of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

In addition to his two sisters Governor Miles had one brother, Clarence Miles, who is deceased.

Mrs. Hooper later married E. H. Eakle in Oklahoma, whom she survived.

According to Mrs. Laurelee Helgason (wife of a grandson) James Monroe Miles, Sr., had emigrated to Texas where he married Pearl Chancellor in 1889. There were eight children born to this union.

Mrs. Helgason lists these children of Monroe and Pearl Chancellor Miles as Fred Fellow, Melvin, Louise, Olive Mae (Bobbie), James Marvin,

Monroe, Pearl and Earl. Monroe Miles, Jr. is a minister in Houston, Texas. Earl Miles and Mrs. Bobbye Miles Fisher live in the Shreveport, La. area, Fred Fellow and Melvin Miles both died in infancy.

Mrs. Helgasen states that Monroe Miles always maintained his interest in horses and that he lived in Springfield, Mo. following his second marriage from 1899 until 1908. He later lived in Shreveport, Louisiana until moving to Vicksburg, Mississippi about 1919 or 1920. In Vicksburg, he and his wife ran an "eating place." Monroe Miles died in Vicksburg, Mississippi June 7, 1933.

Governor Miles made his last visit to Murfreesboro in 1941 to attend the graveside services for his mother. Dr. Ernest Hooper, a nephew of George Hooper, recalls Governor Miles, accompanied by his two sisters coming to Evergreen Cemetery under highway patrol escort. Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Howland Miles Cooper was buried on the Ed Hooper lot in Evergreen cemetery. Her funeral services had been conducted in the House of Representatives at the State Capitol in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Mrs. Peggy Frances (Thelma) Henrie, eldest child of Governor Miles, wrote that, "in spite of his great love for his adopted State he was always proud of being from Tennessee."

Miles continued his interest in the problems of agriculture after his retirement from public life. He owned and operated a farm near Santa Cruz where he grew chili beans, corn, alfalfa and maintained an orchard.

In a biographical sketch in the Historical Encyclopedia of New Mexico a concluding paragraph reads: "As Democratic State Chairman, as Governor of the State, as an individual, John Miles built a reputation for integrity, fairness and honesty that reflects great credit not only on the man but upon the State he so ably represented."

Governor Miles died in a rest home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, October 10, 1971. Final rites were conducted in the rotunda of the New Mexico State Capitol.

The Sante Fe Journal recorded the life and times of Governor Miles in lengthy, profusely illustrated news stories, features and editorials. His eulogy was given by the Reverend Monroe Miles, a half-brother and pastor of the Albuquerque d Sombra Christian Church.

"His life is a reminder to us of some of his ideas and ideals," declared the Rev. Monroe Miles, Jr. in paying tribute to his half-brother. "The most characteristic salient of his life was his loyalty...loyalty to his party, loyalty to his state....loyalty to his citizenship, his friends and to his family."

There were two pages of tributes to the Governor in the newspaper on the day of his funeral. "Most of those remaining who fought the political wars of 20 and 30 years ago, both with him and against him, were present to pay their last respects."

Among the statements of these great, near great and representatives of the citizenship of New Mexico were such succinct but revealing assertions as:

"He was a man who didn't know how to quit."

"He was a man you could trust."

"He was a man who was kind and gentle."

"At 21 he was a homesteader at Endee and spent five years in improving his land."

"I've known him since I was a boy and he would stop by to visit with my dad. He had that touch with the common man."

"Although he was on the other side of the political fence, I considered him a close personal friend. He was a great American"--Governor Tom Bolack

"Governor Miles was the last of the old breed. He was a man of great integrity and strong, very pronounced views"--Former Governor David Cargo.

The editorial of the Sante Fe Journal on the day of his burial read in part:

New Mexico laid her Mr. Democrat to his final rest Monday. Funeral rites for John E. Miles were simple.

For the final time such a service was held in the rotunda of the State Capitol with both State and National flags at half mast.

Graveside services were as simple at Memorial Gardens, the casket was carried by his grandsons between an honor guard of National Guardsmen, State Police and the New Mexico Mounted Patrol.

His fellow citizens properly bestowed on him the honorary title:

"Mr. Democrat of New Mexico!"

Authors Note:

Where was the residence of James Monroe (or Manuel) and Frances Elizabeth Miles? One source indicates that James Monroe Miles was a horse trainer and that the family lived near the old fair grounds.

Children and half-sisters of Governor Miles have been helpful in supplying information about Governor Miles and his descendants but information concerning the 17 years of John Esten Miles life in Murfreesboro appears vague and often contradictory. We are especially indebted to Mrs. Peggy Frances Henrie, oldest daughter of Governor Miles, Mrs. H. A. Gardner, a surviving sister, Dr. Ernest Hooper, a member of the MTSU faculty, Mrs. Baxter Hobgood, Mrs. Lauralee Helgason of Louisiana, the New Mexico State Historical Society, Murray Miles, information director of the Tennessee Farm Bureau, and the editor of the Historical Encyclopedia of New Mexico.



Governor John Esten Miles



Mrs. H.A. Gardner
Miles' Sister



Mrs. W.D. Carter
Miles' Sister

These two sisters were also born in Murfreesboro
But emigrated to Oklahoma "about 1916".

THE STORY OF FOSTERVILLE

by

Elvira Brothers

This is the story of the small community, Fosterville, in Rutherford County, Tennessee.

Using the historical approach the writer went back into the history of the community to discover how it started and some of the developments down to the present day. Being a resident and former teacher of this little village she has had a good opportunity to know the people and their problems and their way of life. She has drawn upon the knowledge she has gained from her father and older members of the community in writing this story. After much reading and research it is found that there is not much written history on a small community, but when time permits a further study is to be made.

Fosterville, the locale of this community study is located in the extreme Southern part of Rutherford County, Tennessee, on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. It is near the Bedford County line. It is one mile off the Murfreesboro and Shelbyville Highway which is Highway 231. The Fosterville road joins the highway just about half way between Murfreesboro and Shelbyville which makes both towns approximately thirteen miles away.

A small historical village located at the foot of a beautiful row of high hills on the east; the largest of which is "Old Soap Stone," getting the name from the kind of rock formation found on it. Young people for generations have enjoyed climbing to the top of this high hill and viewing the surrounding country. On clear days one can see the smokestacks of Murfreesboro. It is always interesting to look over into the

beautiful valley¹ below and watch the trains coming around the curve at Christiana and on through Fosterville, and then around the curve and out of sight toward Bell Buckle.

On descending the hill it is such a wonderful thing to quench one's thirst at the foot of the hill at "Aunt Mat's Spring" which flows out from under the bluff, on the side of the hill. The spring got its name from Mrs. Harb Gilmore. The Gilmore's were early settlers and lived near this spring and were lovingly called by everyone, "Uncle Harb and Aunt Mat." "Aunt Mat's Spring" has been, through the years, a place of gathering for young and old; picnics, fish fries, Easter egg hunts, wiener roasts and other amusements.

The water from "Aunt Mat's Spring" joins what is known as Bailly's Branch to form Dry Fork Creek which is the headwaters of the West branch of Stone's River.

According to Goodspeed, previous to 1780 the Indians held undisputed sway in this territory. Traces of the old trace leading from Nashville to Chattanooga can still be seen.

No one knows the date when "Old Fosterville" was first settled but the name Fosterville was given it in honor of a man named Foster, believed to be John Foster, listed 1820 census in this district, he no doubt being the first one to establish a home as well as a "Trading Post," on the trail that leads south from Murfreesborough, now spelled Murfreesboro; to Shelbyville, being located about halfway between these settlements.

As civilization advanced and people traveled more, the stage coach came into use, there were as yet no hard surfaced roads and travel was slow along this trail through the wilderness from settlement to settlement, but what few people were in this area would gather at Fosterville when the

1. Originally known as Jordan's Valley. See old map.

stage coach was due to arrive, to get news from friends and kinfolks of other points.

There is no record available as to what became of Foster, however, it is believed that he sold to a young man named Thomas Edwards and moved south.

This Thomas Edwards being young and a man of vision was to my mind the most outstanding man in the history of Fosterville. Being a trader as well as a merchant he saw the need of all settlers in regard to news, so he asked the Government to grant Post Office service at his store. He was appointed postmaster, he also operated a wagon train service to the South, hauling meat and lard etc., and returning with a load of sugar and all kinds of cotton goods.

"The first turnpike in Rutherford County was the Nashville, Murfreesboro and Shelbyville Pike. The charter was granted 1831. The road was completed and gates erected and ready for business in 1842."¹

"The toll gates were placed every five miles to which a fee was paid for travel. By now stage coach travel was daily both ways, as well as daily mail . . . Rutherford was one of the last counties in the U. S. to discontinue the use of toll gates. The only evidence is an occasional house still standing by the side of the road."²

"Prior to the Civil War a number of prosperous towns and communities sprang up in the county. The Tennessee Gazette of 1834 lists the towns of Murfreesboro, Jefferson, Readyville, Milton and Fosterville."³

"Fosterville was authorized by the legislature to incorporate in 1832. In 1838 a group of enterprising citizens including Thomas Edwards and others

1. Goodspeed, History of Tennessee, Goodspeed Publishing Co., 1886, p. 816.

2. Ibid., p. 56.

3. Carlton C. Sims, History of Rutherford County, p. 39.

received a charter for the establishment of the Fosterville Steam Mill Co. This part of the county had no water power sites and turned to steam. Fosterville, however, failed to maintain a substantial growth and remained a village.¹

Mr. Edwards married Miss Martha Vaughn.² The ceremony being said by Esq. J. D. Gilmore. Ten children were born to this couple, five boys and five girls.

Through his ability as a business man and merchant, he acquired numerous acres of real estate, most of it by homestead rights of the U. S. Government, some by trading, "all a total of about 2400 acres. He also owned a number of slaves.

In 1851 the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway was completed. The new railroad touched the east border of Mr. Edward's property and having the guarantee of the company he saw better possibilities in sight near the Railroads, so he set about to move his home to the new location.

With consent from the Government he moved the Post Office and store to the site where Fosterville now stands, still acting as Postmaster, Station Master for Railroad and express agent for the Express Company.

Moving his residence from the old location to the place overlooking the railroad was done by an efficient carpenter and the slave labor, moving the sills and floors intact by means of ox carts. The material in this home is of the best red cedar selected and sawed out on this plantation by the mill he owned and operated mostly by slaves. After more than a hundred years have elapsed, this home is in good condition; it being the only landmark to greet you of days gone by, and to remind you of its master (Mass

1. Sims, *Ibid.*, p. 40.

2. Most of this information of the Edwards was supplied by T. D. Gilmore, grandson of Thomas Edwards.

Tom). It is known today as the Edd Brothers home.¹

In 1860 the war between the states--Fosterville recalls many thoughts of those days of Thomas Edwards-- his sons in the Southern army, his lands invaded by the Union soldiers, often taking his horses and mules and wagons to satisfy their own desires. General Rosecrans² demanded that he have quarters in the house so he and his wife occupied the front room on the left as one enters the front door.

When the war was over there was little left of any value in the way of farm animals and tools; Mr. Edwards viewed the situation with care and set about to free his slaves, giving them what he could to start them out on their own. Mose and Sylvia refused to go; so did Uncle Pannell who was rather old and faithful. He kept these three, set up Mose and Sylvia in a house all their own, and Uncle Pannell lived in the slave house in the Northwest corner of the yard, and served as yard man and gardner for the remainder of his life, always humble and obedient.

Thomas Edwards was a very gentle, quiet person, a mason of high rank, a Presbyterian by faith and helped to build the first church in the village. It was a union church and was located a few feet from the present location of the Church of Christ.

In March, 1890 a violent cyclone blew away the heart of the village-- the stores, post office, depot, Presbyterian church, the mill and other dwellings. The village never fully recovered from that storm. A few days later Mr. Edwards suffered in a fall, a broken hip and in August he died of the effects of this injury. Thus ended, the life of a man who meant so much to the history of Fosterville.

1. Home of the writer's family.

2. According to tradition

Very little information is given of the early schools at Fosterville, however the first school known to be built was on the highway at Old Fosterville. It was a one room log house with puncheon floors. This was referred to as "Seed Tick School" because it was built in the woods.¹ Two old teachers were recalled, Miss Rucker Harris and Miss Molly Hale. Also a one armed teacher, Miss Betty Webb. What is left of this old building was later used as a corn crib.

There was a graded school prior to 1886 because Goodspeed says, "The public schools were put into effect soon after the war. The average salary for teachers for 1885 was \$25 per month. The average length of term for the year being four months."²

The Fosterville Educational Institute was chartered in 1883.³

Another teacher referred to by William Robert Moore, was a man by the name of Roberts.⁴

Mr. Moore is among Rutherford county's contribution of statesmen to the state and nation since the Civil War. He was born in Huntsville, Alabama, March 28, 1830. His father died when he was 6 months old. His mother moved to Beech Grove, Tennessee and when he was six years old his mother married John Mills Watkins and went to live at Fosterville. There he attended the common schools of the county for about ten years.⁵ He was elected to the Forty-Seventh Congress on the Republican ticket serving from 1881 to 1883. In 1890 he declined the nomination for Governor of the State. He died in Memphis June 12, 1909.⁶

1. According to an older citizen, Mr. Edd Edwards.

2. Goodspeed, loc. cit., p. 855.

3. Carlton C. Sims, History of Rutherford County, p. 159.

4. The poem by W. R. Moore elsewhere in this study.

5. William Robert Moore, Odds and Ends of Poems, p. 45.

6. Sims, op. cit., p. 76.

The following poem was copied from his book, "Odds and Ends of Poems," in which he tells of his school days at Fosterville.

RETROSPECT, INTROSPECT, PROSPECT

Standing on expectation's Mount today,
And looking back through life's long devious way,
A thousand treasured Memories o'er us rush
And thrill us with a deep oppressive hush.

We seem to see, with retrospective eye,
An artless boy, whose hopes e'en then beat high,
As through the cedar glades he trudged to school
With stern resolve to shun the Dunce's Stool
That Teacher Roberts--simple guileless man--
Had set in front for lazy boys to scan.

Ah! those were days of innocence and ease,
When wants were few and boys not hard to please.
The days when stage coach drivers blew their horn
To 'rouse the sleeping postmaster at morn.
And notify him of the approaching mail
As down "Lee's Knob" their teams would fairly sail
With champing bits and foaming nostrils wide,
Drawing their human freight, worn out with ride.
To Fosterville--the village of the rocks,
Cedars and Sinkholes--village of hard knocks.

The village school house, built of cedar logs,
Between whose cracks might crawl the boys and dogs
With Webster's speller, Pike's arithmetic,
And "rule of three," (where stupid boys would stick)
And Murray's Grammar--seemed enough to know
For any modest boy on earth below.

This good old teacher taught, and oft would sing,
That too much learning was a dangerous thing;
And that to read, and cipher and to write,
Was all boys needed, if not too much quite.
"These college notions," he would often say,
"Are apt to lead our country boys astray";
And then, to illustrate his sage advice,
And would, to himself refer, "look here, how nice."

But that was more than sixty years ago,
When ox carts ruled and all the world went slow,
Before steel rails were laid or wires were strung
That now fill space and talk in every tongue;
Before a "Trust" or Millionaire was known
Within our temperate sublunary zone.

Old Fosterville! We look back on thee now
With tender thoughts, and often wonder how
And why it was that we, together thrown,
Should ever to the outer world be known.

We call to mind those far back halcyon days,
The 'Possum and the 'Coon hunts joyous ways,
And all the boys--they called one "Butting Ram"
Others, John, Bill and Jim, Steve, Bob and Sam.

But all are gone, strange things have come to pass,
These boys are scattered, dead, alas, alas;
One of them fought in blue, the others gray,
But all now sleep in church yards, far away;
Their strifes, then fierce with bitter angry hate,
No longer live to vex our noble State.

No matter now, the rushing world goes on,
Nor heeds, nor recks the myriads who are gone.
Where then, "a hundred thousand" almost stunned,
"A billion" now seems but a common fund;
Our Nation then, comparatively weak,
Stands strong today, ready when called, to speak;
And no great move, dare other Nations make
Until of us they careful council take.

These things may well impress the thoughtful mind,
And charge the philosophic how to find
The cause of these marvels--how they came--
And will proportioned future growth be same?

But after all, it may be best that we
Shall not the future's far off secrets see;
"Twere wise, perhaps, to hug the happy hope
That all good things will come within our scope,
If, patiently, we justly bide our time,
And work, and wait, in prose as well as rhyme.

Judging our progress by the century past,
We ask ourselves the question, "Can it last?"
Yet reasoning fairly from analogy.
No optimistic mind can fail to see,
That no far off, remote, or distant date,
Aerial palaces floating through the State,
Making their daily landings without jars,
At all Earth's ports, and e'en, perhaps, at Mars.

But these things pass our Comprehension, Stop
Let us return to homely, commonplace,
And meet our hum drum duties face to face.
Let us consider what we may owe
To help the others as we cheerfully go,
Along our tortuous journey through this vale--
Sometimes, it may be, with a loss of sail.

Our duties, if we will, are plain and clear,
The "Golden Rule," should to us all be dear;
Its simple teachings point the unerring way,
Which, if daily kept, no man need fear
God, man or devil, hereafter nor here.
Keep out of debt, owe no man anything,
Then you need envy Potentate nor King;
And when the time to lay your burdens down
Comes on apace, you will have earned the crown
Of honor; and the music will begin,
"Well done, thou good and faithful Servant,
enter in."

January 10, 1903

--copied from "Odds and Ends"--book of poems written
by William Moore, pages 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.

At this time he was 73 years of age.

The following article was copied from a Bedford County newspaper.

RURAL DELIVERY in 1923
--Dick Poplin

Mrs. Eula Smith, 212 Edgemont Dr. has let me see an old clipping from a newspaper with a date line of Fosterville, Tenn., Feb. 2, 1923. The clipping is a letter from James W. Thomas who was a rural mail carrier from Fosterville and secretary-treasurer of the Tennessee Rural Letter Carriers Association. Fosterville was just outside of this county, but the mail route extended over into Bedford, and I remember Thomas well when he was still delivering the mail around Caters Crossing and Longview.

Some of the accounts of his 20 years of service, up to that time, should be interesting to the readers of this column.

"Just 20 years ago today," Mr. Thomas wrote on Feb. 2, 1923, "I hitched up my gray steed to a new mail wagon and drove to the little post office at Fosterville to make my first trip for Uncle Sam.

"On my first trip I carried about 24 pieces of mail and only three men

on the route were subscribers to a daily newspaper. I now have over 70 dailies. The first month's delivery and collection ran over 600 pieces of mail and now my average is around 7,000 per month. On my first trip I carried two locked pouches, one for Midland and one for Longview, but they were discontinued long ago.

"During the 20 years' service, I have handled approximately 1,700,000 pieces of mail and have traveled about 160,000 miles. In 20 years I have worn out 14 buggies and 6 sets of single harness and one double set. I have owned 12 different horses, but had one real good one on the job and I drove him more than 12 years, having traveled about 70,000 miles over the same road.

"On my first trip I had only 32 boxes, and some of the patrons refused to erect boxes, saying the R.F.D. service (will not last) six months. Why, it will bankrupt the country. Some actually wrote their Congressman, Mayor James D. Richardson, and wanted him to do all in his power to have this foolishness stopped. They scoffed at the idea of delivering every farmer's mail at his door, but the service has grown by leaps and bounds and is today the most popular branch of the great postal system.

In the 20 years of my service I have used 175,000 pounds of hay, 4,000 bushels of corn and 500 bushels of oats. I have used 200 barrels of flour, 240 bushels of corn meal, 20,000 pounds of meat besides a dozen yearlings and 5,000 pounds of lard, hence the patrons can have some idea of what it costs a carrier to run a rural route.

"Twenty years ago it took about \$12,000,000 to run the service, now it takes \$88,000,000...we had only a few thousand routes, but now we have 44,000 which penetrate every nook and corner of our great country and bring newspapers, magazines, catalogs, merchandise, medicines and letters to 30,000,000 of our population.

"Rural delivery has been called 'the greatest civilizer and educator' of anything in recent years

"I have been one of the great force of men, for 20 years, who has done his very best to get the mail to his patrons, and the route I serve has not failed to be gone over a single day during this period, and I have not missed the train, on which the evening mail is dispatched but one time.

"I am a native of Rutherford County, having been born and reared near Rockvale, and have spent every year of my life in my native county except three. I am the eldest of 23 children, by one man and one woman, the father of nine, four boys and five girls, the grandfather of four, three girls and one boy.

.....

OF INTEREST TO PEOPLE OF OUR VILLAGE, NOW AND BY-GONE YEARS:

(The following information was given to me by Mrs. Forde Bingham, which she has had in her possession for many years. F.B.)

<u>POSTMASTERS</u>	<u>DATE APPOINTED</u>
(This office first known as McLons Mills)	
David M. Anders.....	April 11, 1826
Ephriam B. McLean.....	Nov 19, 1827
(Name of office changed to Middleton)	
Ephriam B. McLean.....	July 27, 1837
Thomas Edwards.....	July 1837
(Name of office changed to Fosterville)	
Thomas Edwards.....	July 27, 1837
Andrew McElroy.....	July 8, 1865
Leander H. Edwards.....	May 5, 1881
Hugh Neely.....	July 10, 1897
Alice Edwards.....	Feb 27, 1904
Willie Newby.....	Sept 3, 1913
Lillian Vaughn.....	Aug 17, 1918
T. E. Kerr.....	Aug 17, 1927
Carrie Kerr.....	May 10, 1929
Johnny Williams.....	Nov 5, 1936
Johnny Williams.....	March 2, 1939
Mable Harris.....	June 22, 1939
Annie Chrisman.....	June 30, 1948
(Miss Annie now (1978) serving as postmaster here)	

NEGROES OF FOSTERVILLE
by
Elvira Brothers
1970

There are no negroes living right in Fosterville now. They have either died or moved away. Some of their descendants live on the highway up on the hill toward Christiana. The following are some of the negroes who have lived here.

One of the most interesting ones being "Uncel Sime" Landrum and his wife "Aunt Tennie" as they were lovingly called by everyone. They lived down on the creek. They owned their own home and lived there until their deaths. "Uncle Sime" was an ex-slave and claimed to be about 108 years old. He was part Indian. He didn't know when he was born or who his people were. He just remembered being sold as a little boy. He wouldn't talk about it much. He worked on the railroad with the section crew and as track walker to inspect the track, even after he was too old to work he still would walk the track every day as long as he was able. You could see him with his tow sack over his shoulders coming home about four o'clock. He picked up lumps of coal along the track. Sometimes he would have a big bundle of grass or hay bringing it home to his cow. As long as he lived he burned a red railroad lantern at his front gate. He received a small railroad pension. For many years he was caretaker for the Woodfin Cemetery. He had always said he wanted to be buried there. When he died in 1949, he was buried as he requested in the left corner of the cemetery as you enter the gate, with his white friends. He had a tragic death. Aunt Tennie died a few years before he did and he was living alone. They had no children. He was found one cold morning in his yard frozen to death. His clothes were burned off and his body badly burned. It was thought that his clothes must have caught fire and he

ran out in the yard and wasn't able to get help. He always sat close to the open fireplace and it was so cold that he may have fallen asleep and fallen in the fire.

"Uncle Sime's" wife "Aunt Tennie" whose name was very long, I wish I could remember all of it but it ended in Kentucky Alabama Tennessee Watkins. Her ancestors got their name from Mr. Al Watkins grandfather. She was loved by everyone. She always wore a smile. She was "Black Mama" for so many children around Fosterville, especially for the Kerr children and the Brothers children. Aunt Tennie washed and ironed for us for many years and I can just see her now at the wash place in the back yard, washing with a tin wash board, three tin tubs and the old black pot, with a big fire made from wood from the wood pile just outside the backyard gate. The children would bring water from the cistern to fill the tubs and pot. We had to be saving with water so the water would last all summer. Sometimes the cistern would be dry and we had to haul water. I can almost smell the octagon soap she used or the lye soap made from the leftovers from the "hog killing." Aunt Tennie always wore a big apron with a big pocket. She wore it wrong side out and carried her switch toothbrush and her can of Bruton's snuff. After lunch she would sit and rest for awhile and have her 'dip of snuff'. Sometimes she would try to hide it and if we saw her, she would say, "Now don't tell anybody, I just have to have my dessert."

She would usually come on Monday to wash if it was a pretty day to wash. She was slow and it would take her most all day but she didn't care. She was making her own money and she loved her "whitefolks" as she would say. She had a heart of gold. On Tuesday or Wednesday she would come back to iron the clothes. She ironed the clothes with four old fashioned flat irons. Her favorite was a homemade one made by Mr. Matt Edwards in his shop. (I still have this iorn.) We would have a fire in the big old open fireplace in the big old Kitchen.

Daddy would put on a big back log in the morning and pull the coals out front on the hearth. When Aunt Tennie came she would stand her irons up in the hot coals on the hearth. She would clean the smoke and ashes off the irons by rubbing them on a cedar branch or salt on a piece of paper. When she would finish ironing, she would sort her clothes and put them away in drawer or on hangers. She would say she didn't want anyone messing up her nice clothes. When she would be ready to go home Mama would gather things for her to take home with her. Vegetables from the garden and meat from the smokehouse. She would have her supper already. Daddy would give her fifty cents which was good pay at that time. She would go home happy.

Aunt Tennie loved her flowers and so many times she would bring a bouquet of flowers all squeezed up in her hand with just the tops and no stems. She had some beautiful peonies but they would always have short stems.

She like to piece Quilts. Lots of times Mama would buy bundles of remnants for her, and would give her scraps of material from her sewing. She wouldn't set them together. She just wanted to piece the squares. She pieced each of us four children one and Mama one. I have mine, it is a nine patch mostly blue print set together with red. Mama's is a big star pattern. She also made each of the Kerr children one.

She had a little walnut table with one drawer in it, which I complimented one time when I was down at her house and said, "Aunt Tennie when you get through with that little table I want you to will it to me." She said, "All right Vily, you can have it but Simon keeps his insurance papers in it, but some day you can have it. One day an antique dealer came to see her and wanted to buy that little table. She said No, No, that is Viley's little table. I promised it to her. Not long after that she came up and wanted me to come and get the table. She had found a dresser she wanted at Mrs. Eliza Clark's. She wanted me to buy the dresser for her and have Benny Maupin (the negro man

who was helping Daddy on the farm) to take the wagon and bring the dresser to her house and get the table. I gave Benny the three dollars and he went and got the dresser and brought my little table. I had the table refinished and am using it in my living room, I wouldn't take anything for it. She died not long afterward. She was buried at Christiana.

Uncle Joe Murphy and Aunt Mat lived in a house back of the old Post Office near the old Lee Edwards house, known as the Aunt Dolie house. Both houses are gone now. They had several children who have long since married and moved away. Among them were Bettie Murphy who married John Ella Daniel. They had three children, Veatrice, Herman and Sam Henry. They moved to Nashville. Lillie Murphy married Luke Kelly. They moved with several children to Detroit, Michigan.

Anderson Tucker and his wife, Hester lived down the railroad. They had three children, Tom, Jim, and Frances Tucker. When Anderson died, Hester went to Nashville to live with her children who had married and gone. Anderson worked on the railroad.

Many people would remember Hester Howland, wife of Dee Howland and their son, Jimmy Dee Howland. Hester stayed with my mother when her children were born. Poor Hester stuttered. She was hurt when she was a girl when the bad cyclone blew Fosterville away. She was staying with the Elams. Hester and Dee were living near the Webb Crossing when Dee died.

Uncle Will Rucker and Aunt Molly lived down on the creek. They had three children, Bill Rucker, Henry and Jennie Anne who married Miller Wade. Bill Rucker married Beulah Mai Bracey. They had five children. The two girls, Mary Anne and Alberta died when their house burned after Bill and Guy Lewis died. Beulah May was the daughter of Bertie Wade who died young and Beulah Mai's grandmother, Aunt Anne Wade and Uncle Will Wade raised Beulah Mai and her brother Billy Sunday and sister Katie Lee. Uncle Will Wade had a wooden

leg. He died at Beulah's and Bill's when they lived next to Brandon's Chapel Church. Aunt Nancy North and her daughter Frances also lived down on the creek.

Brandon's Chapel burned in September 1973.

A STORY OF CHERRY SHADE, LAVERGNE, TENNESSEE

during the time of its occupancy
by the J. R. Park Family

(By James L. Chrisman)

All of us who love to refresh and enlighten our minds by breaking away from the cares and tensions of the day, and glance back over the pages setting forth the history of the trials and accomplishments of those whose marks have left an imprint upon the sands of time, cheerfully and willingly express our thanks and gratitude to those who have already depicted much of the history of this former splendid old home in LaVergne.

At the expense of repetition, I will set down only a few facts concerning the house itself. It was built about the year 1833 under the direction and ownership of John Hill, a grandson of Green Hill, who migrated to the Cumberland Territory from North Carolina, where he had been no doubt of high political stature, having been at one time a member of the Continental Congress of that state. The house was built on land that was part of an original tract of 309 acres in a Land Grant to John Hill's father, Thomas Hill, presumably in return for military service.

In addition to its attractive appearance from the front, its other unique features were its U-shape in the back, with wide covered porches facing toward the inside and running back from the front rooms on each side all the way to the rear of the building, where there was a covered walk-way to a well located about equidistant from the points of the "U", so that it was convenient to draw water with the rope and windlass in any kind of weather. Another feature was the cedar sawdust insulation put between the inner and outer walls of the house, believed to be one of the first homes so constructed in Middle Tennessee.

Accounts have already been written about the fact that the house was used as a hospital during the Civil War. We would like to emphasize the point that the location itself, on a direct line both by railroad and highway between Nashville and Murfreesboro, each of great strategic importance throughout the war, made it a prime target for being within easy sound or distance of shot and shell on many an occasion, leaving small wonder that its only permanent damage was the large hole left in its lower right front side made by a canon ball.

Now in regard to the J. R. Park family, as is the case with many other fine old families in Middle Tennessee, no one took the time in his family to maintain and pass on to us a complete family history, so we cannot delve as far into the past as we would like to with specific names and dates.

James Richard Park was of Scotch-Irish lineage. His father was Dr. John E. Park, who was born June 19, 1814. He was a graduate of the old Louisville Medical College. James' mother was Rebecca Hubbard, who was born March 16, 1809. She was a daughter of Richard and Martha Hubbard. Richard Hubbard was born October 9, 1769. Richard and Martha Hubbard had a large family, consisting of nine daughters and four sons. One of their lineal descendants was Father Hubbard, the Glacier Priest.

James Richard Park was born November 16, 1836, in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was the oldest of seven children, there being five boys and two girls. While he was quite young, the family moved to Seguin, Texas, a small town made up principally of Germans. While there, Mr. Park learned to speak German fluently, and years later he tried many times to teach his three grand daughters how to speak German, but they never retained more than a fragmentary knowledge of it.

I am indebted to Mrs. George Kinnard, formerly of LaVergne, for the loan of an article which appeared in one of the Nashville daily papers in the

early part of 1919, containing some of the following interesting facts about Mr. Park's early years, including some account of his services for the South during the Civil War:

While still in his early twenties, J. R. Park left Seguin and joined a party of prospectors to follow the lure of silver into Old Mexico. Being unsuccessful in the venture, he spent some time at Nassas, in the state, or district, of Durango, Mexico, teaching English to a class of young lawyers. When the Civil War came on, he hastened back to Seguin to enlist for the South. He became orderly sergeant in Company B, 32nd Texas Cavalry, Captain E. B. Millett commanding. At the same time he enlisted, his father and three of his brothers enlisted in the Fourth Texas under Gen. John B. Hood, his father becoming surgeon for his company. Two of the brothers made the supreme sacrifice for the Confederacy; Thomas J. Park dying on the 5th of July, 1862, of a wound received in the battle of Gaines' Mills, in his eighteenth year of age, and John H. Park dying on April 23rd, 1863, in his twentieth year; an Arkansas Post prisoner. James R. Park distinguished himself for bravery at the battle of Blair's Landing, when, under fire, he and his captain and Alonzo Millett and Ed Elam returned to the field of battle and recovered the body of Major General Tom Green (brother of Chancellor Green of Cumberland University; also later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Tennessee) whose head had been torn from his body by a shell. Mr. Park was in every battle in which his company engaged and was never left behind to "hold Horses." He was honorably discharged near Richmond, Texas, in May, 1865, and his discharge bears these words: "By order of Major General J. B. McGruder, having stood to his colors to the last."

The final bugle call has been answered for lo these many years by the last surviving Confederate veteran. While the night wind chants its solemn dirge over their graves may we enshrine a special niche in our hearts

in grateful memory of all of them as champions and defenders of their homes and loved ones, who were willing to give their all for a cause they believed to be just.

After the War, Mr. Park went to Georgia, where he resided for only a short time, moving to Normandy, Tennessee, in the fall of 1866, where he entered the service of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway Company. At that time, messages about trains came through on an instrument called a register, and were recorded on a strip of paper. According to Mr. Park, there were then but five or six men in the service who could read the Morse Code. In Normandy, Mr. Park received his first lessons in telegraphy from Mr. Sam Blackman, the depot agent there. Being an apt student, he quickly became an expert telegrapher, and from then on he was a railroad man to the core. Just as important, while in Normandy he met and fell in love with Miss Mary Catherine Scott, the lovely daughter of Dr. John H. and Virginia Ewell Scott. Dr. Scott had seen service as a physician in the Civil War, and he was later one of the original stockholders of the N. & C. Railroad, and had much to do with the building of the line to Chattanooga. Virginia Ewell Scott was the daughter of Lt. Gen. Richard S. Ewell, who had rendered distinguished service in the United States Army prior to the Civil War, and subsequently as a commanding officer in the Confederate Army.

When Mr. Park asked for the hand of Miss Scott in marriage, her parents registered strong objection on the grounds of the wide difference in the religious beliefs of the prospective bride and groom, but on no other grounds. To some people today that would present a pretty touchy and difficult problem, but to a young man who had traversed the length and breadth of the middle south more than once, plus forays into the far West and Old Mexico, facing danger and even death many times, we need be but little surprised to learn that he solved the problem in short order by espousing the religious beliefs practiced by the Scott family, and the marriage took place in the fall of 1867.

Not long after Mr. Park married Miss Scott, he was transferred and promoted to station agent in LaVergne. It appears that when they first moved to LaVergne, he rented Cherry Shade and later purchased it. As there came to be about eleven acres of ground on the Cherry Shade property, it was acquired in two different transactions by Mr. and Mrs. Park. The first tract, and no doubt the one on which the house was then standing, was bought by them by deed dated December 13, 1878, and of record in Book 24, page 447, Register's Office for Rutherford County, Tennessee. This deed was from W. N. Cowden, Clerk of the Supreme Court in Nashville, and the recitals in the deed indicate that he was selling it in obedience to a court order, and further that the Birdwell's were involved; they being people who had had many dealings with Thomas and John Hill, previous owners of the property. The second tract, containing about five acres, was purchased by Mr. Park from R. H. Dudley for the sum of \$200.00, by deed dated October 18, 1881, as shown of record in Book 26, page 23. I have been reliably informed that in addition to the above properties, Mr. Park at one time owned some acreage farther up the Murfreesboro Pike, which he afterward donated as a building site for the LaVergne Church of Christ.

There were eight children born to Mr. and Mrs. Park. However, with so many deadly diseases prevalent during that period of time, such as diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc., and so little knowledge of preventive medicine, five of the children died either in infancy or while quite young. The three who passed the childhood stage were Mary Virginia, John Thomas (Named after John W. Thomas, once the President of the N. & C. R.R.), AND Clara Dodge Park. Clara died in 1915, and John Thomas about one year later. More about Mary Virginia farther on in this article.

During the many years of their occupancy of Cherry Shade, Mr. and Mrs. Park became quite well known for their congeniality, friendliness and

hospitality. Mrs. Park reigned over the household with charm and efficiency, fully exemplifying the best traditions of the Old South in every respect. Their home soon became the accepted gathering place for their many relatives and friends. Both Mr. and Mrs. Park were great flower lovers, so the big yard was kept well stocked with many varieties of beautiful flowers. Mr. Park even insisted that a suitable space near the railroad depot be set aside for a nice bed of flowers, which always received the best of attention.

Mr. Park was a man of high moral character and unquestioned integrity. He was one of the pioneers and builders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in LaVergne. He devoted himself assiduously to any task at hand, and commanded the respect and admiration of those associated with him. His inquisitiveness and desire to make improvements led him to become known as an amateur inventor. During his career with the railroad, being greatly concerned as a depot agent with his responsibility for the safety of passengers and personnel within the vicinity of his station, he conceived the idea of building a small framed double mirror contrivance which could be placed on his desk in the depot, and from which, without leaving his chair, he could see at any time whether a train was coming down the tracks from either direction. Company officials were so favorably impressed with his "gadget" that within a short time they made it standard equipment in stations all up and down the line.

After having long since mastered the Morse Code, Mr. Park eventually became entranced with the idea of how else it might be possible to send and receive messages, and possibly to simply record and reproduce sound; for instance, talking and singing or making music. Without the benefit of the vast knowledge and experience available today on the subject, he spent many an hour experimenting and building different mechanical gadgets and machines, until finally he came up with one which contained a cylinder and speaker which

really worked. Many times he would beg and cajole one of his granddaughters to speak or sing in front of his cylinder, and then play it back to them. Those closest to him in and around LaVergne were much impressed with his inventive prowess in gneral, and presumably mostly financial ones, he never ventured into the commercial field with any of his inventions, and it wasn't long until Thomas Edison's talking machines and other inventions were sweeping the country.

As a special tribute marking the end of his long years of service, the railroad company presented Mr. Park with a beautiful gold Elgin pocket watch, with his name and the emblem of his Masonic Lodge inscribed on its back cover.

Mary Virginia Park was born at Cherry Shade June 2, 1876. Although her parents were not wealthy, they did possess substantial means, and she was reared under favorable circumstances, which include schooling at Ward's Seminary, later Ward-Belmont College. She became a beautiful and well-educated young lady. In 1904 she became the wife of James Buchanan Payne, a surveyor-engineer; a resident of LaVergne, and a descendant of Major John Buchanan, of Indian war fame in middle Tennessee. This couple continued to live in LaVergne for a time, but before long Mr. Payne and his wife's brother John, generally called "Jack" Park, also a civil engineer, succumbed to the prevailing urge of those to "Go West, young man," so they ended up in far west Texas positions as surveyors-engineers connected with a big crew of men building a railroad through Yaqui Indian territory. Virginia Payne would stay with her parents most of the time, but as she could get a pass on the railroad anyway, she would now and again take the train for El Paso or some point near there to see her husband and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Payne were blessed with four children; one son and three daughters. However, the son died in infancy. The daughters were,

Mary Agnes, the oldest, born June 2, 1906' Martha Virginia and Dorothy Alice; all named after kinfold back along the family lines.

Mrs. Payne insisted on starting Mary Agnes to school at Ward-Belmont grade school, so she and her girlhood chum, Marion Pearson, now Kinnard, would commute on the local train each school day for their first year. Before the start of another school year, fate had stepped in and changes had to be made. Grandmother Park passed away; Mr. Park was suffering from a heart ailment, and needed to be nearer quick medical aid. Also, James B. Payne had died rather suddenly some years before; thus leaving Mrs. Virginia Payne faced with the task of taking care of her father and her three small children. Between father and daughter it was decided best to sell Cherry Shade and move to Nashville, where they would be near a heart specialist, and could send the children to city schools. So, by deed dated September 5, 1916, J. R. Park and Mrs. Virginia Park Payne sold (or in reality traded) Cherry Shade to W. W. Dillon, Trustee, in exchange for a house and lot on Sixteenth Avenue South, about one block south of Grand Avenue, which house had been built and occupied previously by the Thomas W. Wrenne family. In the deed conveying Cherry Shade a part of the recital is as follows "----- all of said land having been occupied continuously by J. R. Park as a home for more than 34 years, and known as Cherry Shade ---- the said Mrs. Virginia Park Payne being the daughter and sole heir at law of J. R. and Mrs. _____ Park, the latter now deceased."

To bring this part of the story of Cherry Shade to a close, after Mr. Park and his daughter Virginia sold the property, it changed hands several times. Finally, the Tennessee Farmers Co-op built a large fertilizer and feed plant on the northerly adjoining tract of land. Because of the unpleasant odor from acid fumes originating in the fertilizer plant, together with huge clouds of dust being blown from the plant when it was in full

operation, Cherry Shade became practically uninhabitable. Too late the many other residents in the immediate neighborhood realized their mistake in not using every avenue of protest against allowing the building of this type of industrial plant so near their former quiet and clean air homes. Eventually, enough protests were made to cause an order to be issued requiring the fertilizer plant to cut out the air pollution. In the meantime, Cherry Shade remained unoccupied for many months, and as usually happens in such cases, vandals began to take over. First, windows were broken, doors smashed in, and then general deterioration set in. Bushes and briars grew rampant, and neglect showed its hand. Finally, on Friday night, June 25, 1971, fire, set no doubt by vandals or arsonists, took the final toll and Cherry Shade was no more.

As with many another former pretty landmark in Middle Tennessee, to those who remain who have enjoyed the warmth of friendship and hospitality of Cherry Shade in days and years gone by, as well as to all who have sentimental ties connected with it, it can live hereafter only in pictures and fond memories.



CHERRY SHADE - LAVERGNE, TENNESSEE

Those in Picture:

Seated: James Richard Park and wife, Mary Catherine Scott Park.

Children: from left: Annie_____, Clara Dodge, Mary Virginia and John Thomas Park, children of Jr. and Mary C. Park.

Standing on porch: Mr. Park's sister, Martha Park Randall.

Servants: One of them (believed to be the one on the right) is Aunt Charity Cannon Hibbet. Name of the other not known.

PETITION
of
WILLIAM COCKE
for
REVOLUTIONARY WAR PENSION

-furnished by Mrs. Hughey King

West Tennessee # 13838

William Cocke of Rutherford County in the State of Tennessee who was a private in company commanded by Captain Talbot of the Regiment commanded by Col. Nelson in the Va. line for six months

Inscribed on the roll at the rate of 20 dollars per annum to commence on 4th day of March 1831.

Certificate of Pension issued 26 of June 1832 and sent to Alfred Johns, Murfreesborough.

DeClaration in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed 7th June 1832

State of Tenn.
Rutherford County
County Court August 1832

On the 24th day of August 1832 personally appeared in open court before Henry Trott, James C. Mitchell and Varner ? Cowin Justice of said court now setting William Cocke a resident of said county and state, aged seventy two years who being first duly sworn according to law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefits of the act of Congress passed 7th June 1832.

That he entered the service of the United States on the 10th day of September 1779 under Capt. Talbot in the county of Bedford and state of Virginia, and that in a day or two afterwards the company of Capt. Talbot was marched through the city of Richmond to Williams Berg in the state of

Virginia where they remained about two weeks under the command of Col. Nelson. Col. Nelson marched

Capt. Talbot's company with one other company then stationed at Williams Berg to York Town whose distance apart is about 12 miles. They remained at York Town something like seven weeks. When we arrived at York Town there was but a small force remaining most of them being discharged before we arrived. During the whole of our stay at York three men of war belonging to the British fleet were anchored in the mouth of York River within sight of York Town.

From York Town Capt. Talbot's company was marched back to Williams Berg where they remained 2 or 3 days thence through Richmond back to Bedford County. No engagements took place during this tour. In this campaign I served three months, but do not know exactly what time we were discharged but know that we received 3 months pay.

Again about 2 years afterward in the month of February 1781 as well as he recollects he enlisted as a volunteer in county of Bedford, State of Virginia under Capt. William Jones whose company was attached to Col. Lynch's Regiment, and in Col. Lynch's Regiment which consisted of 500 men, he marched through Halifax county State of Va. crossed Dan River at Irvin's ford thence into Caswell County State of North Carolina where he joined Gen'l Green..

We found Col. Washington at the head of the horse under Gen'l Green. These forces were in that section of the state for sometime and went thence toward Guilford courthouse. He was at the battle of Guilford which he says was fought on the 15th day of March in the year 1781. The circumstances attending the battle that made the most impression upon his mind were these (to wit) that Col. Green was commander in chief. Col. Washington commanded the calvary and if he is not mistaken Gen'l Lawson commanded the militia. (Kevins ?) was present and as he understood was wounded in the thigh and his horse was shot under him. The captains belonging to Col. Lynch's

Regiment, Capt. Jones, Moon and Hellum were slain at the battle of Guilford. The British forces remained upon the ground after the engagement and the American forces evacuated in confusion about 8 or 10 miles north of Guilford C. H.

He does not recollect the precise time when he was discharged but thinks 'twas about the last of April; that he received pay for 3 months. He was discharged at a place called (Duck River ?) about 40 or 50 miles south of Guilford C. H. He does not recollect to have received any other than a verbal discharge.

Again in August about the 1st he believes 1781, he volunteered into the United States service in the county of Bedford, state of Va. under Col. Qualls. They remained in the county of Bedford and Pittsylvania engaged in collecting beefs, putting them in pastures and branding them upon the hams with the letters U. S. The cattle were to be sent to the army which was some where in the neighborhood of Richmond. He was in no engagement during this term of service. He was discharged sometime between the 1st and 15th of November of the same year. He does not recollect to have received any but a verbal discharge. He has no documentation evidence and knows of no person whose testimony he can procure who can testify to service.

He hereby relinquishes every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except, the present and declares that his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state. Sworn to the day and year aforesaid.

s/ J. R. Laughlin)	s/ William Cocke
)	
)	

We, Martin Clark a clergyman residing in the County of Rutherford, State of Tennessee and Granville S. Crockett residing in the same do hereby certify that we are well acquainted with William Cocke who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration. That we believe him to be 72 years of age that he ----- and believed in the neighborhood where he resided

to have been a soldier of the Revolution and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid.

s/ Martin Clark
s/ G. S. Crockett

And the sd court propounded the following interrogation to William Cocke the within named applicant for a pension in open court on the day and year aforesaid.

1st. Where and in what year were you born?

--In the county of Hanover, State of Va. in the year 1759.

2nd. Have you any record of your age and if so where is it?

--I have a record of my age in a family Bible at my house in this county.

3rd. Where were you living at the time you were called into service? Where have you lived since the revolution and where do you now live?

--When I entered the service I lived in Bedford County, State of Va., remained there for some years after the revolution and then moved to Rutherford County, State of Tennessee where I have resided ever since and where I now reside.

4th. How were you called into service; were you drafted, did you volunteer; or were you a substitute, and if a substitute for?

--In my 1st campaign under Capt. Talbot to Yorktown, I was drafted. But in the campaign to Guilford and in the service under Col. Qualls, I volunteered, was never a substitute.

5th. State the names of some of the regular officers who were with the troops where you served, such continental and militia regiments as you can recollect and the general circumstances of your service?

--Gen'l Green, Col Washington and Col Leigh Gen'l Kevins was with me at the battle of Guilford. Gen'l Lawson commanded the militia at Guilford. Troops of the Maryland line served at Guilford. I do not recollect any important circumstances except such as is mentioned in the above declaration.

6th. Did you ever receive a discharge from the service and if so by whom was it given and what has become of it?

--I do not recollect to have received any other than a verbal discharge.

7th. State the names of persons to whom you are known in your present neighborhood and who can testify to your character for veracity and

their belief that you served in the revolution.

--I am known by Maj. Dance, Martin Clark, Solomon Beasley Esq. and to many others, also to Granville Crockett.

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